

LAW
BREAKERS

LAW BREAKERS

SPLAT!



STAN
CAMPBELL

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



MINUTE GLUES

MAGGIE TYLER A CLEANING WOMAN... ENTERS THE ONE ROOM APARTMENT OF CHRIS AND REX KAYNE...



MAGGIE CALLS THE POLICE AND CHRIS' HUSBAND, REX, AT HIS OFFICE.

INSPECTOR O'SHEA ARRIVES AND INVESTIGATES...



ARE THERE ANY
OTHER WINDOWS?



CHRIS...

WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHY IS SHE WEARING HER BATH-ROBE? SHE WAS DRESSED AND READY TO GO OUT WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING! SEE... I TOOK THIS PICTURE WITH MY RAPID PRESS CAMERA, IT DEVELOPS THE PICTURE AS SOON AS YOU TAKE IT!



I TOOK IT BEFORE I WENT TO WORK! THAT'S ALL, I KNOW YOU'RE LYING. YOU MURDERED YOUR WIFE. KAYNE



-AFTER, KAYNE CONFESSED. HE SAID HIS MOTHER WAS ANOTHER MAN. HE HAD REJECTED HER A DIVORCE. SHE BEGAN TO TALK WITH HIM AND MORNING SELF AND KILLED HER! THE DICTURE HAD BEEN TAKEN THE PREVIOUS AFTERNOON.



TAKEN THIS AFTERNOON!
DROVE THIS PICTURE WAS
VENETIAN BLIND SHADOW PATTERN
WINDOW FACES WEST! THE
TAKEN THIS MORNING. THE ONLY
THIS PICTURE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN

LAWBREAKERS

AMONG THE WORST CRIMINALS IN HISTORY ARE THOSE WHO HAVE LED UNSPECTACULAR LIVES FOR YEARS AND WHO, FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, HAVE SUDDENLY GONE OFF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW AND TAKEN TO VIOLENCE. SUCH ACTION CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO A MYRIAD OF REASONS... MENTAL DISORDERS... THE FINAL TIRING OF A POVERTY-RIDDEN OR HUMDRUM LIFE... OR MERELY THE SEEKING OF A "THRILL"... ARE A FEW OF THEM. BUT POLICE WILL TELL YOU THAT WHATEVER THE REASON, THE OUTCOME IS USUALLY....

A DAY FOR HOMICIDE

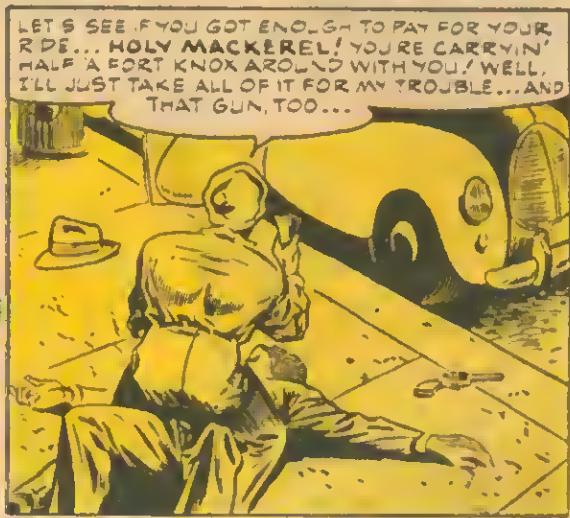


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... AND LATELY IT SEEMED AS THOUGH POVERTY WAS WINNING...



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UNAWARE THAT THE GUNMAN WAS DEAD, MALONE GOT BACK IN HIS CAB AND LEFT...



WORK ALL MY LIFE AND I ANT GOT FIVE BUCKS IN THE BANK TO SHOW FOR IT! AND GUYS LIKE THAT RUANN AROUND WITH A COUPLE A THOUSAND IN THEIR POCKETS... OKAY, WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE HIM? I GOT HIS GUN, ANTI...?



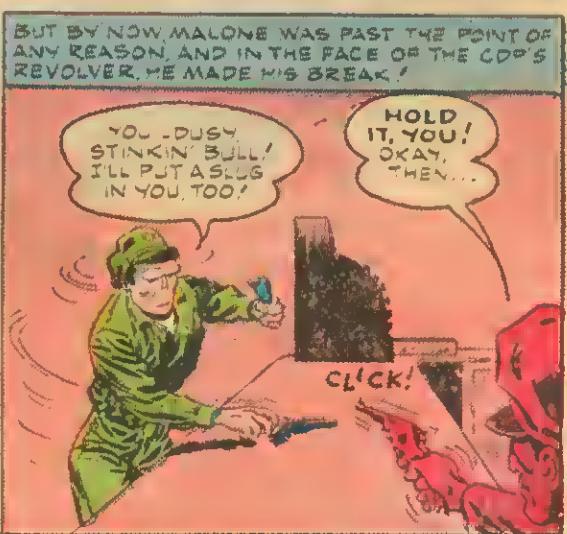
THE GUNSHOT HAD ATTRACTED PLENTY OF ATTENTION. BEFORE WITNESSES COULD PHONE HIS NUMBER IN, HOWEVER, MALONE HAD COME TO A DECISION... AND FROM THEN ON HE WAS HARD TO CATCH UP WITH...

...HAVING DECIDED ON HIS COURSE OF ACTION, MALONE WENT IN SEARCH OF A LIKELY VICTIM...



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LEAVING HIS JACK DOWN THE STREET, MALONE ENTERED THE DINER AND EMBARKED ON HIS NEW PROFESSION...



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AND LUCK WHICH SOMETIMES WORKS FOR THE WICKED AS WELL AS THE GOOD WAS WITH THE KILLER! THE OFFICERS PISTOL MAFRED AND MALONE'S FIRST SHOT SENT HIM TO HIS KNEES.



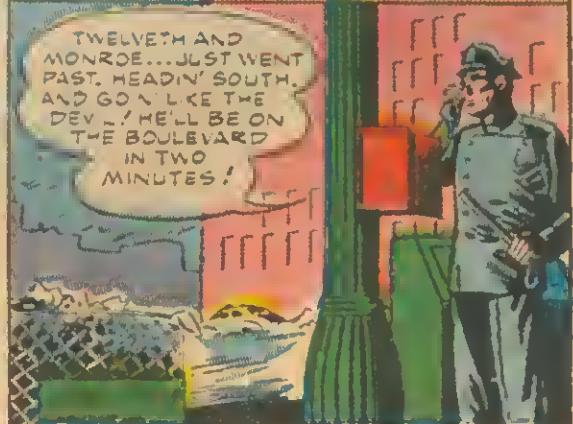
THE FIRST OFFICER'S PARTNER, WITNESSING THE SHOOTING, DIDN'T BOTHER TO CALL ON MALONE TO SURRENDER. AS MALONE EMERGED FROM THE DINER, HE TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED THAT HIS FIRST SHOT HAD FINISHED THE KILLER, THE POLICEMAN APPROACHED, AND MALONE, WOUNDED IN THE SIDE, FIRED ANOTHER FATAL BULLET!



HIS POSITION WAS REPORTED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, AND RADIO CARS MOVED FROM ALL POINTS IN THE CITY IN AN EVER SMALLER CIRCLE.



MALONE WAS RIGHT, FOR ONCE... THEY SAW AND REPORTED HIS LICENSE... AND NOW THE COPS KNEW HIS TAXI ON SIGHT WHERE HE WAS AND IN WHAT DIRECTION HE HAD GONE.

LAWBREAKERS

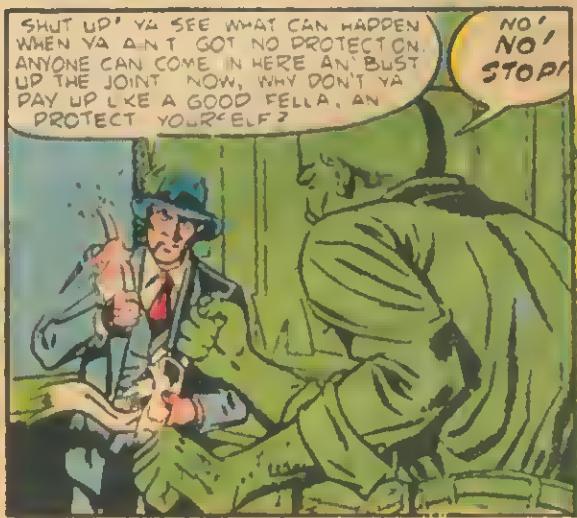
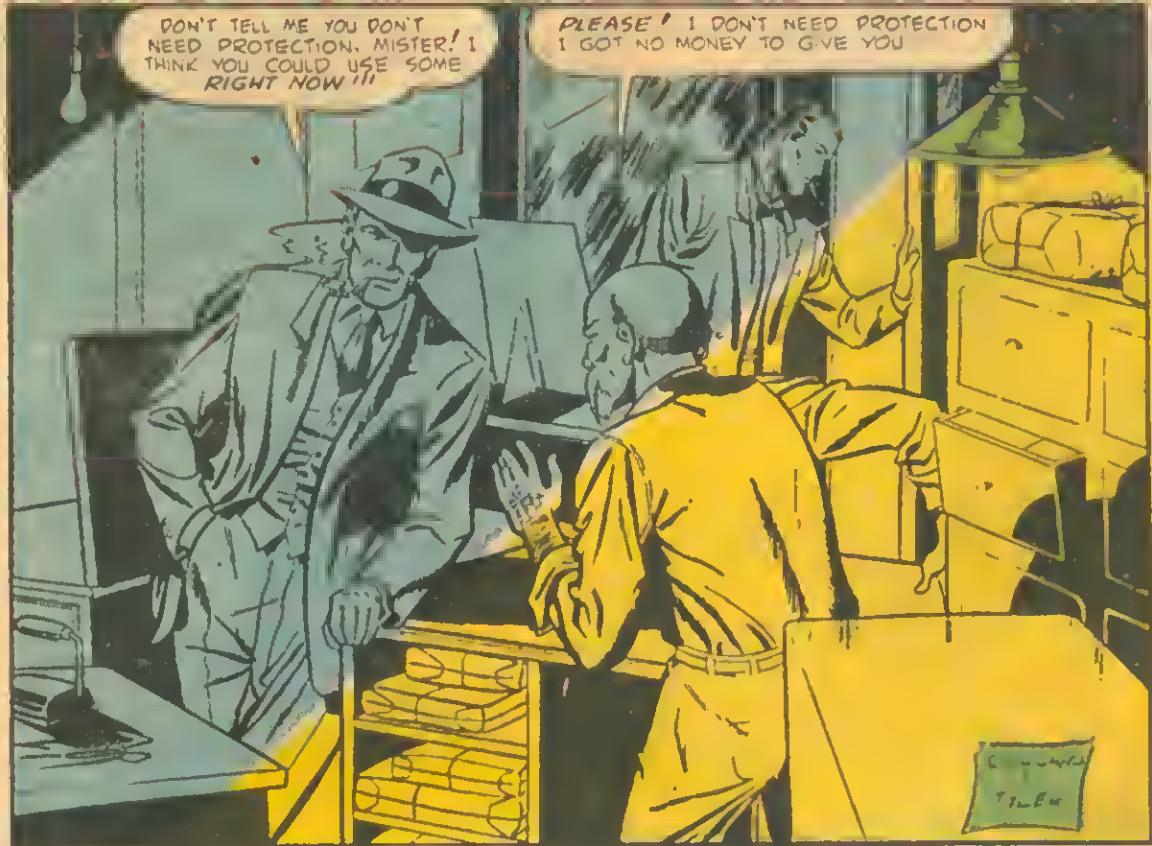
AND WHEN THE CIRCLE GREW SMALL ENOUGH



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MEET JOHNNIE BACON, CRUEL, VIOLENT, A DOUBLE CROSSER WHO BEGAN HIS "CAREER" IN SAN FRANCISCO AS A SMALL TIME HOOD SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR A PROTECTION RACKET. JOHNNIE DIDN'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS, AND UNDERSTANDABLY SO..FOR YOU SEE

DEATH WAS HIS BUSINESS!



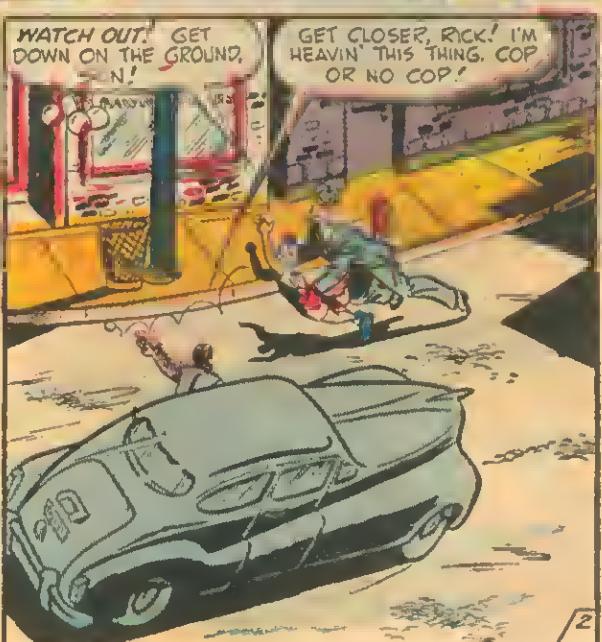
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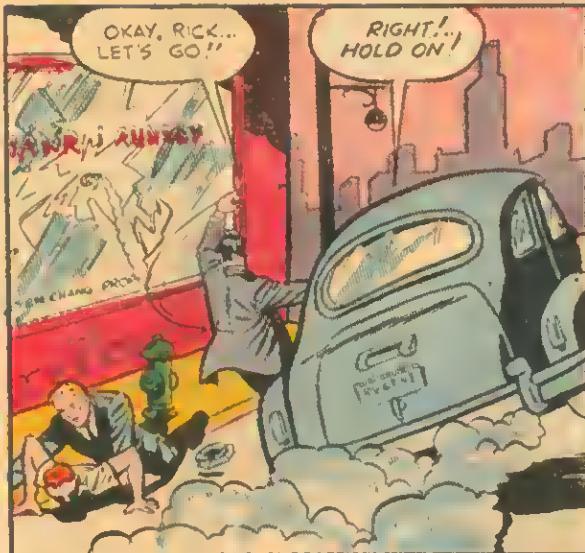
LATER THAT DAY, JOHNNIE BACON REPORTS TO HIS BOSS,
CLIFF BANNON...



WHAT CAN YOU DO? I'LL TELL YOU! WE
CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, OR ELSE
THEY'LL ALL TRY. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO
SET MR. CHANG UP AS AN EXAMPLE...

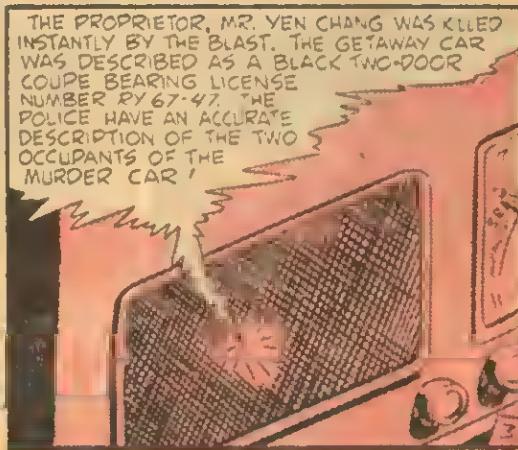


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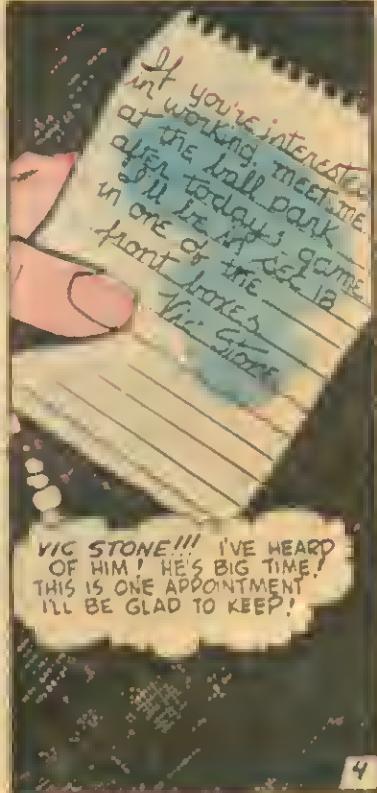


I'LL HAVE TO HOP DOWN TO THE CORNER TO ANOTHER PHONE, EVERYTHING IN THIS PLACE IS ALL BUSTED UP. THE OLD CHINESE MAN ISN'T MOVING AT ALL!

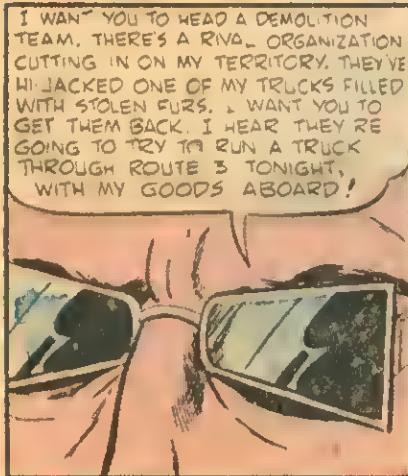
OK
SON.
BUT
HURRY!



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THAT NIGHT, JOHNНИE, PETE, AND SLIM SET UP A BARRICADE ON THE EXPECTED ROUTE OF THE RIVAL MOB'S TRUCK...



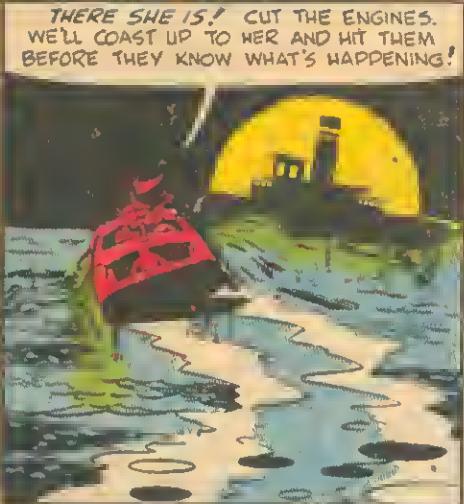
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AFTER THE FURS HAD BEEN TRANSFERRED TO HIS OWN TRUCK, JOHNNIE ORDERED THE OTHER TRUCK PUSHED OFF THE CLIFF...



ONE OF JOHNNIE'S ASSIGNMENTS WAS TO DESTROY A TUG LADEN WITH DOPE, TAKEN FROM A STEAMER ANCHORED BEYOND THE EYES OF THE LAW. THE DOPE WAS DESTINED FOR SALE BY THE RIVAL ORGANIZATION.



THE SPEED BOAT SILENTLY APPROACHED THE TUG. THEN...



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BY THIS TIME, JOHNNIE HAD COOLED OFF IN SAN FRANCISCO. HIS SUCCESS IN LOS ANGELES EARNED HIM A GOOD "REP" IN SAN FRANCISCO.

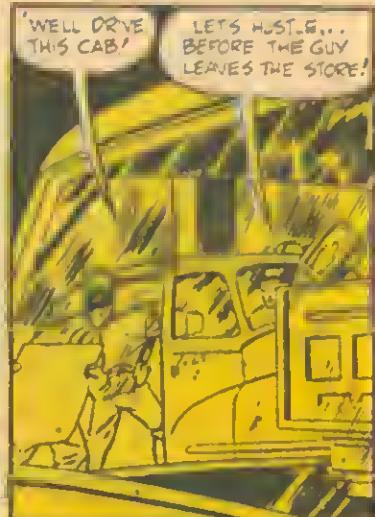
JOHNNIE RETURNED WITH SLIM AND PETE WITH A NEW IDEA.



JOHNNIE AND HIS TWO GANGLAND SIDE KICKS SET OUT TO CARRY OUT JOHNNIE'S PLAN...



LAWBREAKERS



HE WANTED TO BE A DETECTIVE

Howard Simpson sighed, "we always want what we haven't got. Perhaps if we were color blind we wouldn't take the attitude that the grass is greener in the other fellow's pasture."

When finished with these words of wisdom, he moved his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh. On his ruddy face was a look of innocence. He had just devoured his thirteenth sandwich. Opposite him was a muscular man, well built, with brown hair and deep set black eyes. "What's eating you on a day like this?" he asked. "We should be having a good time but you seem downcast. Here you are, Howard Simpson, one of the feature writers on the STAR-TELEGRAM and all you do is complain."

"You misunderstand me, Frank," protested the unhappy man. "How would you like to write a daily column on baby care and be known as 'Tillie, the Wise Owl'?" Believe me I envy you with your job in the FBI and am sick and tired of my work. Want to swap jobs?"

Frank Parsons laughed. "Your misery, especially with the bankroll getting fatter each week by \$200 makes my poor heart bleed. You stick to your baby stuff and I'll stick to my detective work."

In reply Howard Simpson put his hand in his coat pocket and came out with a booklet. "Since I've read this," he began, "life has taken on a new horizon for me. It's called, 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons' and it's by J. Copeland. You can get it free for ten wrappers from Bibbo's Brown Bunchies. Plain or almond. Costs me nothing. The office boy eats them and throws the wrappers into the wastepaper basket. Shows you what a bit of salvage work can do."

Frank Parsons was about to take the booklet and tear it into small pieces when the sound of a siren at the entrance of the picnic ground attracted his attention. A state trooper came up to him. Frank recognized him as Sergeant Jed Harris, of Troop B. "Anything

wrong, Jed?" he asked. The trooper nodded. "Okay to speak in front of this man?" "He's Howard Simpson of the STAR-TELEGRAM and if it isn't confidential, you can shoot the works."

"Louis Marshall is dying in the hospital. He had a stroke while in his cell. He has been calling for you. Says you are the only one he will tell where he hid the stolen money. We learned it was your day off. Your housekeeper said you were out on a picnic. We have men out of other picnic areas looking for you. Get into your car and I'll lead the way back to town."

Frank Parsons looked at his friend. "Now you may see something in action. Come on, unless you're afraid of sitting in a car going 75 miles an hour. The only reply Simpson made was to follow Parsons. He sat at his side as the car roared along the state highway, then into the city until it stopped in front of a hospital. The two men dashed inside. A gray haired elderly man was waiting for Parsons.

"At a time like this you had to be away, Frank," he said. "Come on up with me to the fifth floor. Marshall is sinking rapidly." The two men entered an elevator. A few minutes later Parsons was standing at the bedside of the dying man. He bent down. "Marshall, can you hear me? I'm Frank Parsons. Remember me? You want to tell me where you hid the money. Where is it?"

A bold headed man with thin sallow cheeks moved his eyelids slowly as though to acknowledge he understood. He was saving every ounce of his ebbing strength for his confession. "The money," he began, "is buried underneath the chicken coop in my back yard. You start to dig . . . but he never finished. The attending physician looked at him once. "Sorry, gentlemen," he announced, "Louis Marshall is dead."

The elderly man who was Postal Inspector Roger Baldwin found it difficult to restrain

his emotion as the sheet was drawn over the face of the dead man. "There goes a fellow who thought he had figured out the perfect plan to steal half a million dollars. Only he forgot to take death into consideration. Do we start digging for the money today or wait until tomorrow?" Frank Parsons hesitated before replying. "I guess the sooner we get it over with the better. We should find the money within an hour."

Two days later a tired Parsons and a bewildered postal inspector looked over the back yard of the house that belonged to the late Louis Marshall. "The money must be where he buried it unless it was found by someone else," commented Parsons. "Yet how could it be found by another person. We had a day and night guard watching this place since we arrested Marshall. He told me it was beneath the chicken coop. We have dug to a depth of thirty-five feet. Where is the money?" Postal Inspector Baldwin shrugged his shoulders. "We are going to keep on digging if we have to reach China in order to get that money."

"Sadness seems to have descended upon this place," remarked a cheerful voice. It was Howard Simpson. "Wish you fellows would tell me the details of this mysterious expedition in the heart of a great city."

"It all looks so simple and yet turns out to be difficult," began Frank Parsons. "Last year Louis Marshall was a trusted bank clerk with forty years of service behind him. Through his hands passed a million dollars a week in Federal Reserve Notes. Then one day a mailbag with half a million dollars of Federal Reserve Notes vanished. In place of the money we found packages of brown paper cut to the same size. Three men were under suspicion. We finally identified the masked handwriting on the address tag as identical with a specimen of Marshall's. He confessed and wanted to make a deal with the government. Return half of the money and keep the rest. Of course we refused. He went to trial and was sentenced three months ago. On his deathbed he told me the money was underneath the chicken coop. Any suggestions?"

Howard Simpson opened a small booklet entitled 'Be a Detective in Ten Easy Lessons.' Turning to page 8, he read: "The mine detector has its use in peacetime. Should a criminal hide an object underneath the ground in a metal container, this instrument can be used to detect its presence." The FBI man shook his head sadly. "While all that may be true, you notice the one condition. There must

be a metal container. If the money were buried in boxes or clay jars, we could never spot it."

"You've got nothing to lose," challenged the newspaper man. "Why not give it a chance?" "Perhaps your friend has something with that idea of his," interrupted the Postal Inspector. "I am going to call Major Frederick Bussman on the phone and see if the army can help us."

That evening the people in the neighborhood were puzzled to see a strange machine operated by two army men. A battery of powerful searchlights was being played upon the ground. And Howard Simpson was always before the machine.

The soldier in control of the dials stopped the machine and reported to Frank Parsons. "We have checked the location of all pipes on the map. The dial shows that there is something metallic buried underneath the ground at an angle of about twenty degrees from the chicken coop. But it is on the adjoining property."

The Postal Inspector and the FBI man looked at each other as though both had just been hit by the same idea. "Marshall must have dug at an angle underneath the coop and buried the money on his neighbor's property. Let's get the necessary permission from the owner and start digging."

Same five hours later, two tired but happy law enforcement men looked at their find. There were six large boxes, each wrapped in tar-coated paper. When opened out came the bundles of Federal Reserve Notes. Howard Simpson puffed his chest. "You fellows listened to me and solved a mystery. I'm going to be a detective."

The next day Frank Parsons visited Howard Simpson. "I don't know how to begin this," said the FBI man in a most apologetic tone. "The papers have been giving you credit for the recovery of the money. You deserve it. But stick to your baby articles."

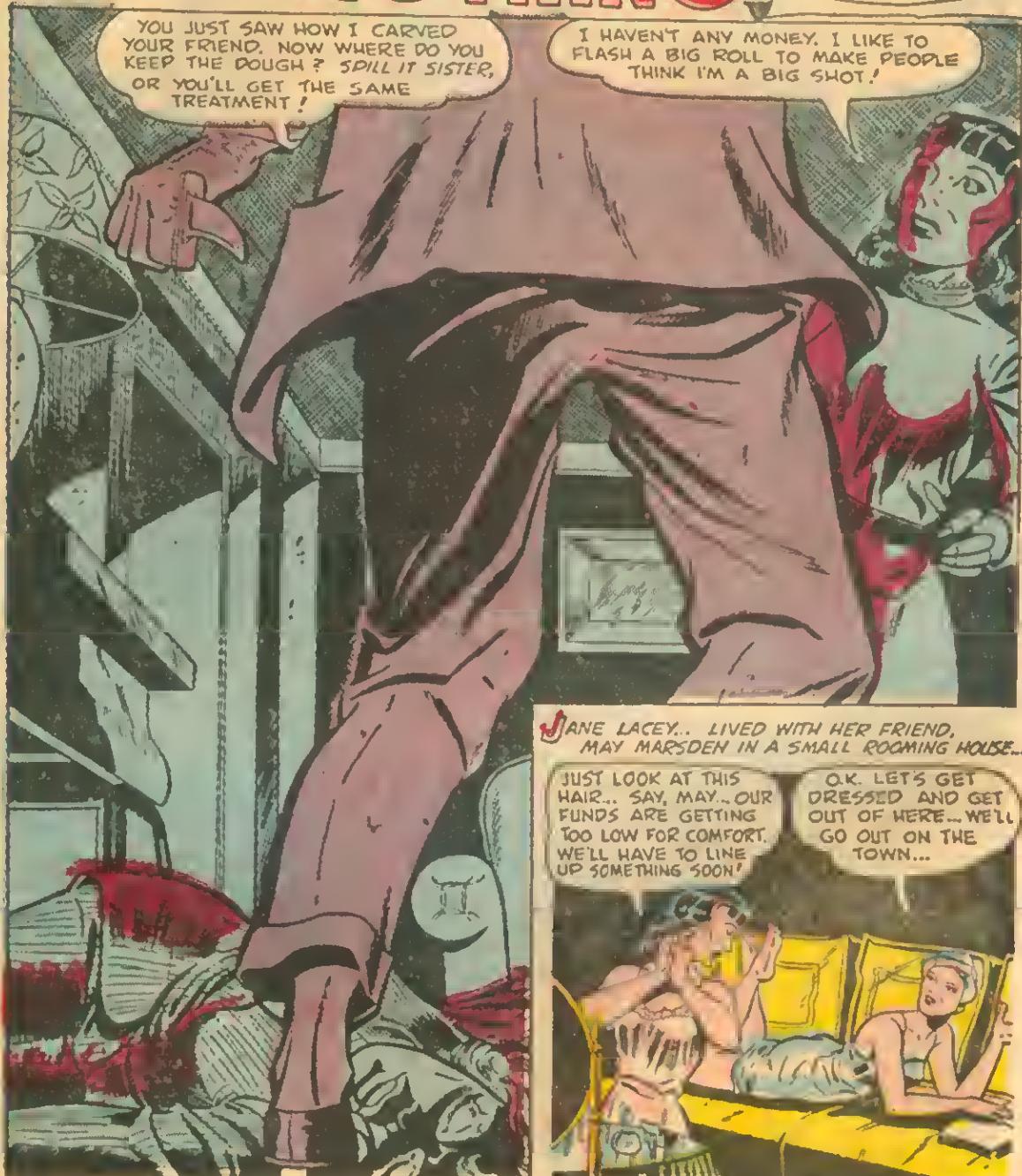
"Why?" was the one word question. "It hurts my heart to tell you this," explained Parsons. "We all agreed to keep it a secret. How could the dial show metal when the money was hidden in paper? That bothered us until we did a bit of checking. Seems you wear a metal identification band on your wrist. You dropped it on the bottom of the machine in such a position that the needle showed metal at an angle. It was your carelessness that helped us to solve the crime. Get what I mean? You better continue writing those baby articles."

The End

LAWBREAKERS

MURDER for NOTHING

PETE SANDOW WANTED EASY MONEY AND HE WAS WILLING TO KILL TO GET IT... BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE STRANGE DOINGS OF TWO WOMEN WHO LIKED TO SHOW OFF, AND THE LAW THAT WAS RELENTLESS IN TRACKING DOWN A KILLER!!!



LAWBREAKERS

WE'LL VISIT MIKE'S NEW TAVERN. HE JUST OPENED UP ON PINE STREET!

MAYBE WE CAN FIND ANOTHER SUCKER AND BRING HIM BACK HERE. I STILL GOT SOME OF THOSE KNOCK OUT DROPS.



THE NAME IS PETE SANDOW. SEEMS I'VE SEEN YOU TWO BEFORE... WAS IT AT LOU'S PLACE?

COULD BE. MY NAME IS JANE LACEY, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, MAY MARSDEN!



PETE ALSO KNEW HOW TO ACT LIKE A BIG SHOT...

COUUPLE OF DRINKS FOR THE LADIES, MIKE. THIS IS ON ME!

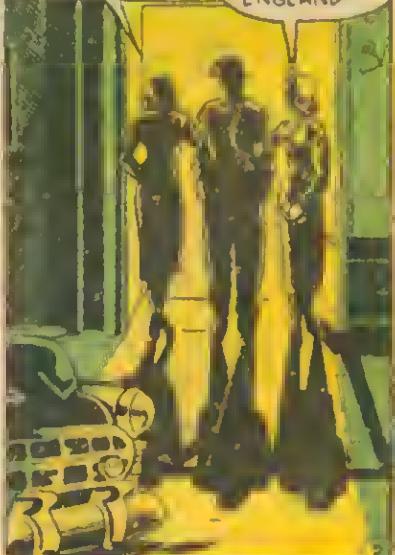
YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN THE PLACE, AS LONG AS YOU PAY ON THE LINE



LATER...

YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE GUY COME ON OVER TO OUR PLACE

WE'VE GOT SOME SWELL BONDED STUFF. A FRIEND JUST BROUGHT IT OVER FROM ENGLAND



JANE, FLASHING THE ROLL FOR EFFECT, HAD NO IDEA WHAT HER LITTLE GAME WOULD LEAD TO...

HERE, THIS'LL PAY FOR THE DRINKS, MIKE. AND KEEP THE CHANGE, GET THE KID A NEW PAIR OF SHOES!

THANKS A LOT, JANE! I SEE YOU'RE STILL IN THE CHIPS. I'LL BET YOU'RE COLLECTING PLENTY FROM THAT "EX" OF YOURS!



YOU'VE GOT YOUR EYES GLUED ON THOSE TWO DOLLS, PETE. LEAVE 'EM ALONE.. THEY'RE POISON!

SUPPOSE YOU MIND YOUR BUSINESS, JOE... AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF MINE. SEE YOU LATER AT THE POOL ROOM!



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MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, PETE. WE'LL MIX A FEW DRINKS.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE... MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!



SAY, DID YOU PIPE THOSE RINGS HE'S WEARING? BET THEY MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST TWO GRAND!

THE GLASS ON YOUR RIGHT HAS THE MICKEY FINN... BE CAREFUL!



HERE YOU ARE, PETE. A DOUBLE, JUST LIKE YOU SAID!

NOW YOU TELL ME IF JANE ISN'T THE BEST LITTLE DRINK MIXER YOU EVER MET!



THERE'S TOO MUCH IN MY GLASS. YOU TAKE IT AND GIVE ME THE OTHER ONE

NOW DON'T BE SILLY, PETE. DRINK IT BEFORE YOU SPILL IT!



AND NOW THE KILLER IN THE ENRAGED PETE CAME OUT.

SHELL OUT YOUR DOUGH OR I'LL SLIT YOUR PRETTY THROAT!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, YOU'RE HURTING ME... LET GO OF ME OR I'LL SCREAM FOR HELP!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SLIP ME A "MICKEY". I KNOW THESE DRINKS ARE LOADED! I'M NOT THE TWO-BIT JERK YOU'RE TAKING ME FOR!

YOU'RE CRAZY TO THINK WE'D PULL A TRICK LIKE THAT. YOU'RE DRUNK! GET OUT OF HERE!



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AND SO PETE ADDED A SECOND MURDER TO HIS LIST OF CRIMES...



SHE WAS TELLIN' THE
TRUTH! THAT CRAZY
DAME! THIS IS STAGE
MONEY. THEY WANTED MY
RINGS. I HAD PHONEY
RINGS AND THEY HAD
PHONEY DOUGH!

THIS OUGHT TO LOOK LIKE MURDER
AND SUICIDE. HER FINGERPRINTS
ARE ON THE KNIFE. I LEFT ONLY
TWO GLASSES SO THE COPS
WILL FIGURE THEY WERE DRINK-
ING... I BETTER SCRAM... I HEAR
VOICES OUTSIDE.



WILL YOU HAVE TIME
TO CLEAN MY
ROOM NEXT?

JUST AS SOON AS I
GET THROUGH IN HERE...



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AND SO PETE PAID FOR HIS CRIMES WITH HIS LIFE.

THE END

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GUN

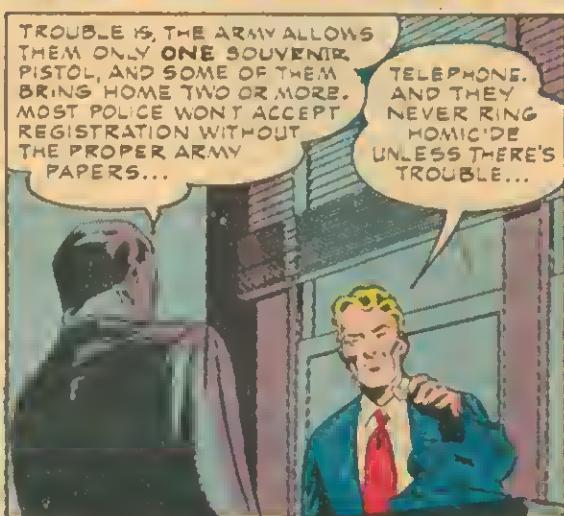
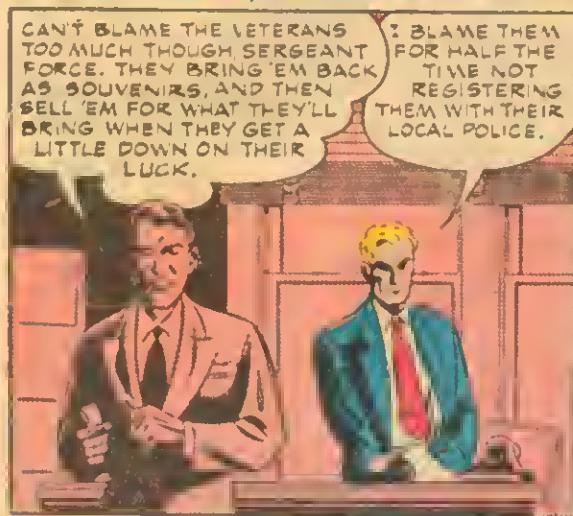
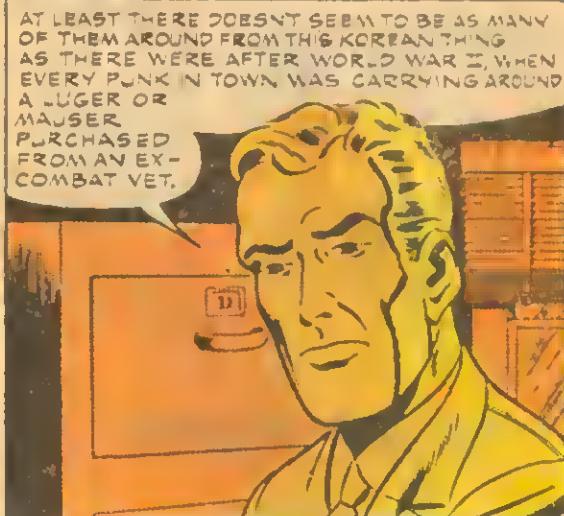
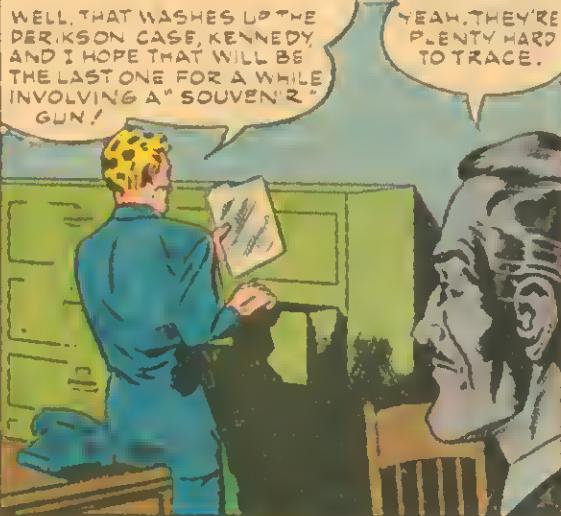


OKAY, PUNK. FORK UP THE TWO FIFTY AND IT'S YOURS...AND FROM NOW ON STAY AWAY FROM ME. SEE? YOU'VE BEEN FESTERING ME FOR THIS GUN FOR A MONTH!

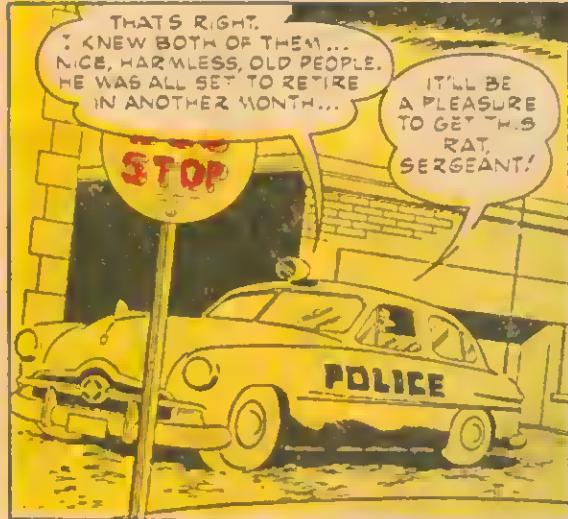
AND FORGET WHERE YOU GOT IT, KID!



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IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO GET THIS RAT, SERGEANT!



I KNOW SERGEANT FORCE, OFFICER. HOW ARE YOU SERGEANT?

FINE THANKS. WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THIS THING?

NOT TOO MUCH I'M AFRAID, SERGEANT. I HEARD WHAT I THOUGHT WERE THREE SHOTS ABOUT TWO OCLOCK, AND STEPPED OUT ON THE STREET TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON. AS I STEPPED OUT A YELLOW FORD TOOK OFF FROMIN FRONT OF THE DELICATESSEN. IT WAS REALLY MOVING...



I DIDN'T GET THE NUMBER... TOO DIRTY. THEN I WENT INTO THE DELICATESSEN TO SEE IF EVERYTHING WAS OKAY THERE. BOTH OF THEM THERE... DEAD...



LATER, AFTER FINISHING THEIR ON-THE-SPOT INVESTIGATION, THE TWO DETECTIVES RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS...



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THAT'S RIGHT SERGEANT. I WORK IN AN OFFICE ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DELICATESSEN. I SAW THE KILLER WHEN HE ENTERED HIS AUTO AT THE CURB...

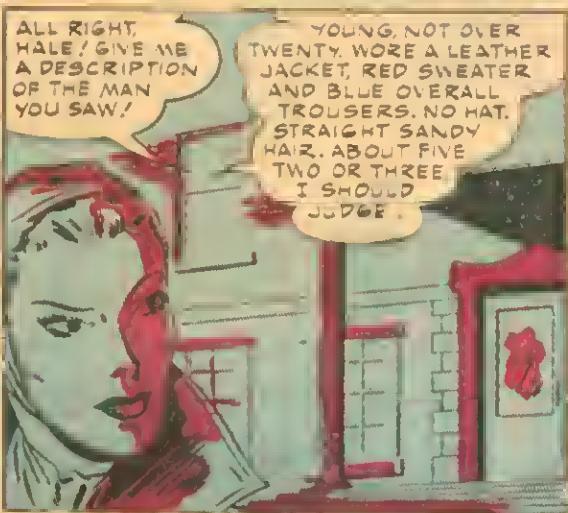
WHY THE DEVIL HAVE YOU WAITED THIS LONG TO TELL US MAN? HE MAY BE HALF WAY TO MEXICO BY NOW...

TAKE IT EASY SERGEANT! I'M A MARRIED MAN WITH A COUPLE OF KIDS. I'VE HEARD OF LOTS OF WITNESSES TO KILLINGS WHO DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THE STAND! AND I DON'T INTEND TO BE ONE OF THEM... I CAME HERE AS SOON AS I THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO... AND THAT'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE GOOD ENOUGH!



ALL RIGHT, HALE! GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN YOU SAW!

YOUNG, NOT OVER TWENTY, WORE A LEATHER JACKET, RED SWEATER AND BLUE OVERALL TROUSERS. NO HAT. STRAIGHT SANDY HAIR. ABOUT FIVE TWO OR THREE I SHOULD JUDGE.



TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER, AFTER HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS, HALE FINALLY FINDS THE WANTED MAN...



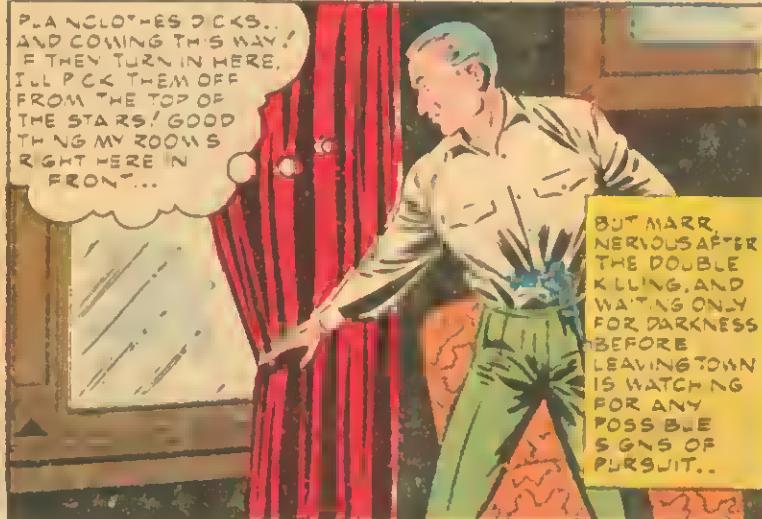
JOHNNY MARR... TWO TIME LOSER. FIRST OFFENSE AT SEVENTEEN, BREAKING AND ENTERING... PROBATION FOR A YEAR. SECOND OFFENSE AT NINETEEN, AUTO THEFT.. NO CHARGES BROUGHT BY OWNER. HAD TO RELEASE HIM...

..AND NOW MURDER AND ROBBERY... A CE YOUNG FELLOW!

YOU CAN GO NOW, HALE. LEAVE YOUR ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER WITH THE DESK SERGEANT ON YOUR WAY OUT. LET'S GO, KENNEDY...



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FORCE REALIZING SUDENLY THAT THE ANSWERING FIRE FROM INSIDE HAS CEASED, RACES UP THE STAIRS TO TRY TO CATCH THE KILLER MAKING HIS ESCAPE FROM A REAR WINDOW...



A WEEK LATER...

ENTER,
INVALID...
AND WELCOME
HOME!



THANKS SERGEANT.
AND THANKS FOR
SAVING MY BACON,
TOO! IF YOU HADN'T
DRAGGED ME
BACK WHEN
YOU DID...



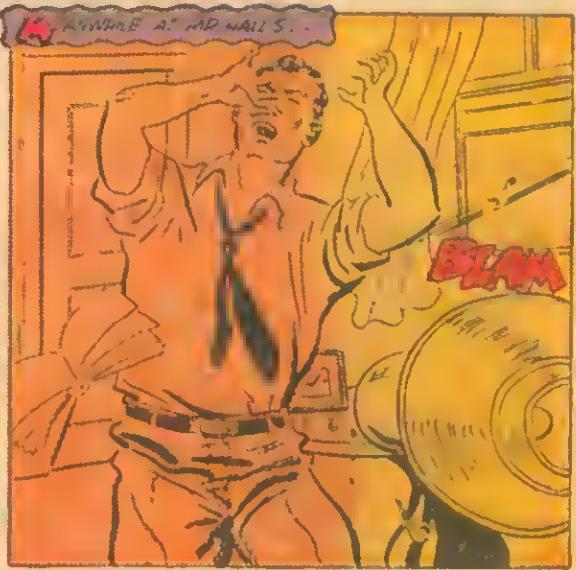
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CRIME from WITHIN



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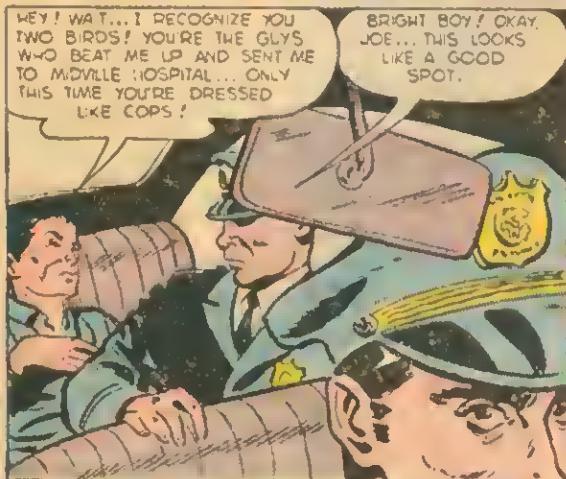
BUT AS PATROLMAN REILLY IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO PROTECT HIS NEIGHBOR, TWO THUGS DART OUT FROM A DOORWAY AND JUMP HIM FROM BEHIND...



A FEW DAYS LATER...



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LAWBREAKERS



MINUTE CLUES

INSPECTOR ROSS INVESTIGATES THE MURDER OF COMMERCIAL ARTIST, JAMES KENNEDY.



You said you only
needed to the book
and direc^t off,
yet there wasnt
enough water in
the tub for a
man to drown
unless his head
was pushed under
the water.
Kasee confesses
she'd been
stealing from
friends and
Kenney had
found him
out.

With the Amazing
TUMMY FLATTENING COMMANDER

**INTERLOCKING HANDS
OF FIRM SUPPORT***

Only \$2.98

Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? Prolifuding stomach held in? That's how you'll look and feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No leg bands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crocheted piece.

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Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return
Mail. I pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted by return
immediate return, I may return in 30 days for immediate refund.
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MY WA'ST MEASURE IS.....

Name _____

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Enclose \$2.98 (or \$3.98 for issues #8 to #60) West Green Co.

Enclose \$2.75 for \$2.75 for sizes 4-6 to 60. World Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

SEND NO MONEY! Convince yourself. See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try the appearance reducing COMMANDER at our expense. If not delighted with the immediate results, return in 10 days for immediate refund. Send in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. Don't wait! Act NOW!

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS
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APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Mast any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING. SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES tones the muscles and flesh and the increased oxygenated blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep trim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 full price and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing undesirable pounds of FAT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHEs AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACHEs:

A handy helper for instant relief of discomfort that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. 694

318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Standard Model SPOT REDUCER for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.00 upon arrival. I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$12.45. Send Deluxe Model, postage pre-paid.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____

SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$1.00 for Deluxe Model. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

I enclose \$9.95. Send Standard Model.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!